

TOC H JOURNAL

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Youth and Age

ON SEPTEMBER 15 the Toc H Central Executive met at its usual hour of 5 p.m. At the same hour began the fly-past over London of the jet-fighters and heaviest bombers of the R.A.F., the Royal Navy and the United States air force in honour of the Battle of Britain. As squadron after squadron swept over the glass roof of the Executive's meeting room on Tower Hill, the voices of its members were lost in the thunder of tremendous engine power—a dramatic reminder of the achievement of the 'Few' eight years ago, when Youth served and saved so many.

In the family of Toc H from the beginning Youth has served, and not one of us but wishes that the proportion of young men in our ranks today may be increased. At the same time we have also held to the complementary principle that "Youth must be served": the total of our members who have carried this out is beyond calculation. This emphasis on 'Youth work' (horrid name for a joyful job!) will be found to be underlined, as by accident, in the present number of this JOURNAL. The school-boys' camp, the children's playground, the far-off youth club, the call to old Scouters to take their turn, succeed each other as you turn the pages. This is not too much of a good thing, we hope. The thing is so good.

Meanwhile statisticians keep reminding us that the average age of the nation is steadily rising and that the problems of old age will increase. How great those problems are, how lonely and neglected are many old people, has only lately begun to dawn on some of us. Here is a great field for Toc H service, not much entered as yet, and we should be glad of more news about it from our readers.

From Under the Hat

Lambeth, 1948

WITH COMMENDABLE AND UNUSUAL SPEED the Report of the Lambeth Conference was published within a few days of the final meeting of the 329 Bishops.*

Virginia Woolf in *The Common Reader* remarks that "it is a matter of temperament and belief whether . . . you look upon an archbishop's hat as a crown or an extinguisher". As an Anglican I naturally tend to regard a Bishop's hat as a crown; but this does not mean that I necessarily confuse it with a halo.

Fortunately, perhaps, I am not obliged to believe that the minds beneath the episcopal hats have been endowed with such perception of the truth as to render them infallible. Indeed, no infallibility is or can be attached to the 118 Resolutions which the Bishops passed; for the Conference is a consultative body, and none of its findings has any authority, save that of its own nature and origin, until it has been adopted by the respective Provincial Synods of the Anglican Communion.

Much of the Report is necessarily of a nature domestic to the Anglican Communion. There is the report of the Committee on "The Anglican Communion"; there is that on "Baptism and Confirmation", almost distinguished in its unoriginality.

Another Committee considered "The Church's Discipline in Marriage". Here, once more, is set forth unequivocally the indissoluble character of marriage, and the decision to refuse marriage according to the rites of the Church of one whose former partner is still living "unless it has been established that there exists no marriage bond recognised by the Church" (Resolutions, 93, 94). Alarmed by the increasing number of divorces, the Bishops urge that "there is a strong case for the reconsideration by certain States of their divorce laws" (Res. 97). A further problem which vexed their Lordships was what was to be done with those who had been divorced, had remarried, and wished to be admitted to Holy Communion. It was decided that

* *The Lambeth Conference 1948*: S.P.C.K. 58.

"their admission to Holy Communion lies within the discretion of the Bishop, due regard being had to their own spiritual good and the avoidance of scandal to others" (Res. 96). What precisely the Bishops mean by "scandal to others" I have been unable to discover from the Report. Is it that the admission to Communion of a divorced husband or wife or both is likely to prove a stumbling block in the good life to the good Churchman? The members of the Committee responsible for this report confess that they are "bound to admit that a union which is indissoluble by divine institution may in fact be wrecked by sin; and that by the sin of one or both partners the personal relationships in marriage can be completely destroyed". In the following paragraph there appears this exhortation—"More particularly would we earnestly implore those whose marriages are unhappy to remain steadfastly faithful to their marriage vows, relying on the unfailing resources of God's grace". There may be some readers who will share with me a little difficulty in attempting to reconcile these two statements.

There is no reference to the use or misuse of contraceptives, but this is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that this question was considered fully at the Conference in 1930. What is surprising is that nothing is said about the very difficult problems presented by the practice of Artificial Human Insemination. However, this omission is partly remedied by the report of a Commission set up in 1945 by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and published this year. In passing let it be noted that of the two legal members of the Commission one was Harry Willink, one-time Chairman of the Central Executive of Toc H. This is a document which ought to be read.*

Thirty nine pages of the Report are devoted to "The Unity of the Church", and as it is there admitted that the discussion of this subject involves "a number of highly technical questions concerning the faith, order, and ministry of the Church", I shall take the better part of valour and refer any readers of this article to the report itself.

The first two sections of the Report are concerned with "The Christian Doctrine of Man", "The Church and the Modern

* *Artificial Human Insemination; Report of a Commission appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury*: S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.

World", and "The Christian Way of Life". At the outset the Bishops point out that at any given moment in world history one particular element in the Gospel or one special aspect of Christian doctrine needs more emphasis than any other because of its supreme relevance. For our generation it is the Christian doctrine of man. The nature of a planned society depends upon our view as to the nature and destiny of man. For the Christian man's personality cannot be regarded as anything but sacred. Man, the Bishops claim, "is more than a function of his society, more than a producer or a citizen". If he is what Christianity asserts that he is, a son of God and the heir of everlasting life, then "the State exists for man, not man for it". The Conference declared that among the rights without which man cannot freely fulfil his duty to God and to other men were "security of life and person; the right to work, to bring up a family, and to possess personal property; the right to freedom of speech, of discussion and association, and to accurate information; and to full freedom of religious life and practice, and that these rights belong to all men irrespective of race and colour".

In Marxian Communism the Bishops see the "spearhead of the attack on all that a Christian civilisation stands for". Resolution 25 briefly summarises the reasons for their opposition—"Marxian Communism is contrary to Christian faith and practice, for it denies the existence of God, Revelation, and a future life; it treats the individual man as a means and not an end; it encourages class warfare; it regards the moral law not as absolute but as relative to the needs of the State". But they refuse to be so bigoted as to deny to the Communist thesis any and every element of good, and they urge Christian people to study Communism so that they may discover "which elements in it are in conflict with the Christian view of man and must therefore be resisted, and which elements are a true judgement on the existing social and economic order" (Res. 26). Indeed, the Committee responsible for this report acknowledges the lack of insight on the part of the Christian Church during the industrial era, and with praiseworthy honesty confesses that during this period "the Church of England was identified almost completely with the ruling classes, as were the Churches in Central and Eastern Europe". The Bishops proceed to make

the vital point that "Communism cannot be overcome by argument alone. It has to be outlived, not merely outfought"; and they remind Christians that there has been in Christianity since Apostolic times a communal element. "Full justice", they urge, must Christians do "to the truth in Communism, both its critical insight into history and its desire to help the oppressed. The Church ought not to allow itself to be identified with social reaction".

Resolutions 9 to 15 are concerned with "The Church and War", and the Bishops roundly declare that war, in its present dimensions, is "both a blasphemy and an anachronism. We can have either war or civilisation—not both".

At the close of the report on the "Christian Doctrine of Man" the Bishops appeal "to those who stand outside the Church, or who have lapsed from vital membership. There is but little in ourselves to commend our faith to men, and we may have to bear the responsibility before God for alienating men from Him. But the calamities of the world are largely due to the fact that there is no general recognition of any Law of God and no recognised standard of morality regarded as universally binding. What is needed is a return of man to God. But we must not call men back to God for the sake of saving civilisation. Our civilisation will probably perish unless men do turn to God; but the real, the Scriptural, reason for a return to God is that God wants us and we need God".

Alongside this warning of the possible collapse of civilisation can be placed what is described in the Encyclical Letter which precedes the whole Report as the key-note of the Conference's message to the world. "For those who have eyes to see, there are signs that the tide of faith is beginning to come in."

There may be some who read this Report who will feel the absence of excitement which seemed to run through that of the Conference of 1930. Is there quite the same sense of expectancy? Of the breaking through of the Holy Spirit of God? If there are those who feel like that, then I shall be with them. This, however, may be no more than a personal reaction. What the Bishops have had under their hats they have given to the world with courage, humility and not a little robust, common sense. We might do worse than follow their example. J.D.

Allswell that Ends Well—V.

Last month the new group at Allswell got mixed up in the affairs of an old Branch, with results which shocked them. Now they are found literally putting their own house in order.

CHAS. BRICK TO FRED BURLY

Dear Old Stoutle,

Lucky dog to get a fortnight's holiday—I only have a week and it's not due till the weather gets worse! Thanks for the p.c. of Minehead. Go easy with clotted cream—it's death to your figure, and shun cider like cyanide.

Since you've been away our group has been moving some. We clinched the bargain with old Puddy for the derelict garage—six bob a week, pretty decent of him—the night after you left. First thing I did was to slip in at dinner time next day to the Council office to ask if they wanted the place by any chance for conversion into housing. It would be a bad show, I think, if Toc H ever takes up space people ought to be living in. Mr. Fluke, the Clerk, laughed in my face and said "Decent of you to ask—you can keep your ancient ruin and welcome". As I was leaving he slipped me a dollar—"I'd like to be a shareholder", he said, "and that will buy you half a lampshade at Woolworth's". So I asked him to our next meeting to tell us how the Council is run and promised him a heck of a heckling from our lads. He is going to play.

Well, come Saturday afternoon, the boys were all there buzzing like bees over *our* property'. They crawled all over the roof, replacing three missing slates and kicking holes in about five more. Then we got cracking on the inside—the garage on the street and the two rooms above. Crumbs, *what* a mess! Puddy had lent us a ladder and a couple of buckets. Jim brought down some scrubbing brushes—and his missus to show us how. She worked like a nigger till tea-time, and looked

like one by then. We must have dumped out a ton of rubbish, but we sang till our vocal chords seized up with dust. We finished that night on the stairs—by candlelight. The whole place really looked like something when we locked up.

Sunday afternoon we all slipped in again, a bit quiet like, so as not to shock old Ma Smeech over the road. Wally brought along some whitewash from the shop and a packet of powder colour. He mixed us up a lovely pink and we started slapping it on in one of the top rooms, ceiling and all—O boy, it's literally a peach! We were well stuck into it when a big car stopped at the door, gave me quite a turn. It was Percy Chase. Sorry he was late, he said, party up at the big house, had to wangle out of it on "an important engagement". He unloaded a big basket of sandwiches and a kettle and spirit lamp, so we needn't go home to tea, he said. Then he changed into an old suit of striped pyjamas—looked like his regimental tie gone mad—and started in with us like a good 'un. By tea-time we sat back and looked at our work. There was nearly as much pink on the floor and our faces as on the wall, but we could picture the room already, natty as a milk bar.

We had all worked like stink, I will say, and were glad to knock off at dusk for the sandwiches and a cup of char. Then Wally had the bright idea that, all the members being there, this was a group meeting. So we lit the candle-end and had 'Light', and then I took homegoing prayers. We sang 'Now the day is over' too—I guess Ma Smeech thought she was hearing angels. Standing round the candle we put on a box, all splashed with pink wash like clowns, with Percy in his pyjamas, it must have looked very funny but that never struck us till afterwards.

A few odd evenings and another weekend's work will pretty near do the trick, and then we shall have to scrounge some bits and pieces to furnish it with. We've got six chairs promised among the boys already and Mrs. Jim is trying to make up her mind to part with their old sofa. That will do for visitors and the rest of us can sit on the floor, now it's clean, for the moment. We mustn't forget Mr. Fluke's lampshade before he comes next week!

Of course the job will run us into a bit of money—besides the rent—before we are finished. Well, we chewed over the finance of the affair at this week's meeting. We decided that we were going to make a proper job of the rooms anyway and that we certainly weren't going to touch the little nest-egg we've got in the kitty to send up to H.Q. for the Family Purse and that subs. and jobs mustn't suffer. In the end we decided to have a kid's money-box specially for our 'building fund', so that chaps could drop something in any time they were passing. We made Wally 'Box-wallah' (it's very nearly his nickname already) and he'll tell us when we've got enough to foot the bill. Fish said to me tonight, all innocent like, that he was glad fags are so scarce, so that he doesn't need to bother about smoking, and Jim seems to have mislaid his pipe, his wife tells me. So, one way and another, we'll soon have the job all square.

Love to the wife and the Nipper. Here's skin off your nose!
CHAS.

FRED BURLY TO CHAS BRICK

Dear Chas,

Thanks for yours. The skin *is* off my nose in this West Country sun.

I am thrilled to bits about our room and nearly took the next train home to lend a hand. Leave a corner in a mess for me to play with! My first thought was, now we can tackle that blind club job I have been nattering about so long. My next was my old gramophone (I don't really need it now with the wireless), it will come in handy for the blind. The spring's broken but I'll fix it up, and there's about three dozen records with it as a start. And there's an old stove, quite good, in our shed and some cooking pots, Mary says—she wants an excuse to buy some new ones. It will all come bit by bit, don't worry.

Another thing I've been thinking about. Toc H, in the places where you and I have seen it, is terribly bad about letting other people know its whereabouts—and we have no right to keep it dark, the thing's too good. The Coaltip Branch notice is no bigger than a postcard and there wasn't a whisper on their door at Gobbleston, and Long Boobly has just a bloated Lamp

painted up, like a teapot. Let's have a really decent sign on our building, Chas, not too posh but easy to read and at least one better than the pub next door. And what's more, let's have a little notice up somewhere, in a frame under glass, telling people where we meet and when and what's on, all kept clean and up to date. I thought of the Town Hall if they would let us, or the Post Office if that's lawful, or better still, the Police Station—Sergeant Sleuth's a good scout and hasn't found us out yet. Think it over.

By the way, I kidded myself I was having a holiday from Toc H, but not a hope! Yesterday on the hills I came across five chaps from the Youth Hostel taking a breather in the heather. We got chatting and I found one was a member from Nottingham. In the end we shared our packet lunches and then sweated up Will's Neck (that's the top of the world in the Quantocks) together in grilling sun. To make sure there was nothing higher than us, we scrambled on to one of those pre-historic mounds (the map says 'tumulus' all over the place down here) and camped on the top for an hour or so. It turned into a regular Toc H meeting, with plenty of back-chat, for one chap was a Catholic and another a Communist, there were two clerks from London, a Tyneside welder, the Nottingham member from Boots's factory, a school-teacher from Bristol and me. I bet there hasn't been such a meeting at that mound since they buried some old boy under it thousands of years ago. I wondered, if he lay awake inside and listened, what the deuce he would make of it!

It was grand up there, with Exmoor stuck up in the sky on one side of us and Glastonbury Tor like a pimple against the misty Mendips on the other. You'll think I am turning poet, Chas, and laugh, but it gave me an idea as we were walking on down into Nether Stowey (we knocked back a pint there, and it never tasted better, I can tell you). Why shouldn't we do some open-air work for Toc H? You can't talk easily on a bike, and two and two in a motor-coach is no earthly. It would have to be hiking, I think. Get a few of our chaps to bring their friends and get out and about on a Saturday afternoon. Or better still, book up for the party on Saturday night in a

Youth Hostel and have all Sunday together. There must be lots of Toc H blokes in the Y.H.A. already and the Hostel is a grand 'human zoo' (I've had some in days gone by). Talk of "spreading the gospel without preaching it"! Get a bunch of chaps together for a weekend walking and arguing, and the trick's done. Don't write this off as 'propaganda', a word we are all fed up with. We should just be enjoying ourselves and that's when Toc H ought to happen to a man naturally. We wouldn't hustle anybody, but I bet some queer and useful fish would fall into our net. There's plenty of country round Allswell we could try it out in. Think that one out too.

Mary says it's past bed-time and has shut the lid of the ink-pot. Just enough juice in the pen to say 'cheerio'. FRED.

ADVT. IN THE 'ALLSWELL ADVERTISER'

TOC H has now opened headquarters at 29 Confidence Street (next door to Messrs. Puddifat & Son). All visitors welcome Wednesdays 7.30, see notice at Police Station. Secy., C. Brick, 12 Fort Lane.

To Sum Up

The group is now solving a common problem—to find a meeting place and a workshop for its jobs which it can afford. The burst of enthusiasm and personal work which made it ready has been a tonic to them all, but to maintain it will mean a lot of quiet self-sacrifice. They now have, so to speak, a candlestick on which to set their light so that it shines before men. Their concern about a good sign and notice-board is good, but their advertisement in the local 'rag' seems rather hasty, for it opens the way to an unlimited mixed guest night every week—a bit awkward! Meanwhile let us hope that they won't let their rooms monopolise their minds and their purses: some societies become the slaves of their own property. It doesn't look likely—the open-air meeting proposition offers an excellent antidote.

Next month we hope to collect some evidence of how the group proposes to use its new premises, both for its programme of meetings and for other purposes.

BALBUS.

Inti-Mates of 'Forty-Seven'—I.



THE HEADMASTER.

HAROLD HOWE, fourth in the line of Toc H Administrators, served his apprenticeship as a Branch member in Lakeland and a member of the Area Executive. Educated at Merton College, Oxford, an officer in World War I, he was a master at St. George's School, Harpenden, then Headmaster of Keswick School, from which he retired last year. Hobbies: gardening, poetry, interior decoration (see H.Q.), and mankind.

Multum in Parvo

❖ THE BIRTHDAY OF Toc H will be observed on December 11, thirty-three years since the opening of Talbot House in Poperinghe. The following day is Tubby's birthday.

BRANCHES everywhere are invited to include in their programme an observance of the WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT at 6 p.m. by their own time, those westward of London to the Pacific on Saturday, December 11, and those west of the Pacific to London on the Sunday.

In LONDON the first BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL on a national scale since 1938 will be held from 2.30 p.m. on the Saturday to 5.30 p.m. on the Sunday. Branch Secretaries in Great Britain and Ireland will receive particulars for their representatives.

MEMBERS FROM OVERSEAS, who are able to attend, are invited to send their particulars to the Festival Secretary at Headquarters as soon as possible.

MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL BRANCHES (Central, Services and Area) should send their current membership card to the Festival Secretary with a request for particulars. No other notice of the Festival will be given them.

❖ CENTRAL COUNCILLORS now being elected for 1948-1950 are notified that the Annual Meeting will be held on April 23-24, 1949.

❖ Toc H Branches wishing to see a Branch of Toc H (WOMEN'S SECTION) formed in their own neighbourhood are asked, as their first step, to get into touch with the Regional Secretary, that is, the Women's Section Staff member concerned, or with the General Secretary at Crutched Friars House, London, E.C.3.

❖ OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE: Branches and members aware of any men interested in Toc H who are going up to these Universities, whether from school or the Services, are asked to notify: W. P. D'Arcy Dalton, M.A., Lincoln College, Oxford (private address: 20 St. Michael's Street) or F. W. Fuller, B.A., (J.7), St. Catharine's College, Cambridge.

✠ The Benefice of ROCHE, Cornwall, in the Diocese of Truro has fallen vacant on the resignation of the Rev. J. T. Tarplee. Toc H has the right of presentation for this turn and has presented the Rev. WALTER B. STEWARD, Vicar of Heighington, Co. Durham, to the Bishop. The induction will take place on October 23.

✠ The Rev. Dr. GEORGE MACLEOD, formerly Toc H Padre in Scotland, Leader of the Iona Community, was married in London to Lorna Helen Janet Macleod on August 28. Two days later he and his wife flew to Australia. There and in New Zealand they have a full programme until early December, when he will return to London for the Birthday Festival on December 11-12.

✠ BRIAN BILLINGS, formerly Overseas Secretary and much else, is to be married in Adelaide, South Australia, on October 15.

✠ A member of STREATHAM Branch in South-west London records a double event. His father, S. E. MADDOCK, and his mother celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on September 17, and their coming-of-age, each having been a member of their Branch of Toc H and Toc H (Women's Section) for twenty-one years.

✠ A new printed form of APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP of Toc H will be available on November 1. This will replace the form at present in use.

✠ "Can you tell me where and when Toc H meets?" One member on holiday found the local Branch was not well known to the police. So he tried the grocer, the chemist, the postman, the bus-conductor, the railway-porter, the librarian, the publican and the vicar. Some of them had vague ideas. Notice-boards had none. It was the doctor who knew and there had to be a touch of sun-stroke (yes, in England) before that enquiry was made. How about posting up the BRANCH MEETING CARDS (size 6" x 9", price 1s. for six, 2s. a dozen)? For the way to the meeting-place itself, there is the METAL Toc H SIGN, which does cost 45s., but it lasts and it can be seen.

Evening in Tewkesbury

*Silverly falls the rain
On the rivers that run
Linked through the quiet plain
In the dust of the sun.*

*Star-bloom and soft showers caught
In the trees, wind—forsaken—
Do we remember aught
Of dreams when we waken?*

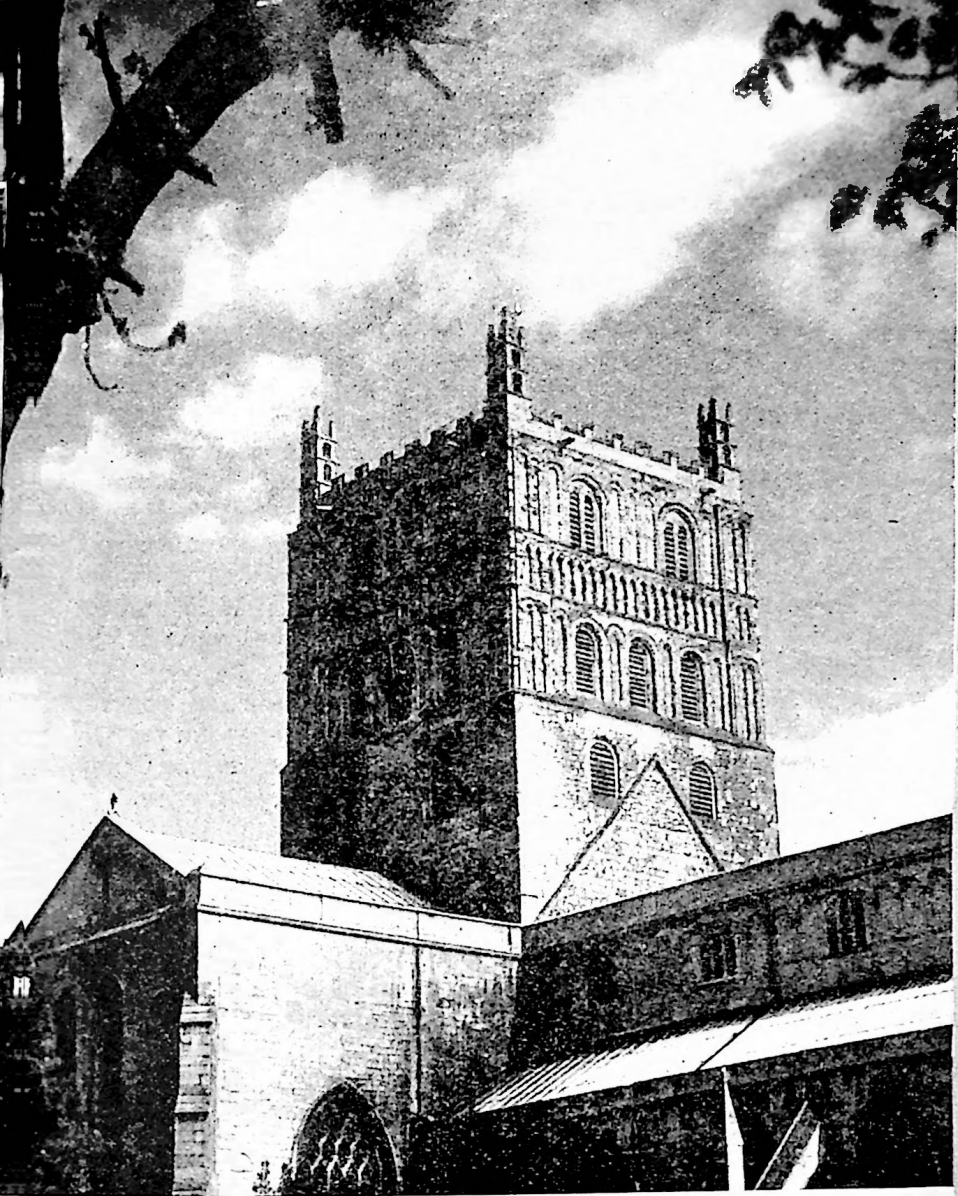
*In this long-hallowed ground
Where sad love reposes,
Wistfully sweet is the sound
Of rain among roses.*

*Silverly falls the rain
On old Tewkesbury tower,
And sighs for the exquisite pain
Of the fugitive hour.*

*Loveliness, hushed and rare,
Blessed and passes—
A ripple of wings in air,
A shadow of grasses.*

LORNA DE' LUCCHI.

The writer of this poem is an Englishwoman who has lived in Italy for many years. During the hazardous days which followed the British/American invasion, she gave outstanding assistance, at great personal risk, to British soldiers who had had the misfortune to be taken prisoner. Later on, following the Liberation, she became a close friend and helper of Toc H in C.M.F.



Tewkesbury Abbey Tower

Concerning All Members

This Notice is intended for all Branches and Members of General Branches in the United Kingdom. There will be further reference to Membership in future issues.

Branch Membership Subscriptions

UNDER THE ROYAL CHARTER, Bye-law 2 (2), each Member of T O C H pays to the Corporation (or as the Central Executive may direct) an annual subscription of not more than one guinea or less than half-a-crown as may from time to time be fixed by the Central Executive. Until 1946, the minimum sum payable by Branch Members was half-a-crown, unless a higher sum up to a guinea was fixed by the Branch Executive. Out of this sum, the "capitation fee" of two shillings was payable to the Corporation. For 1947 and 1948, the last figure was raised to five shillings. (This was the minimum compulsory payment. More than this has for long been contributed voluntarily in the course of each year by a large number of Branch members.)

Under the same Bye-law, the Central Executive have power to exempt any individual member or class of member from payment of subscription. The following resolution, passed by the Central Executive in 1947 and accepted by the Central Council in 1947 and 1948, now becomes operative:

"That, from November 1, 1948, all members of
"Branches, other than the General Branch, shall be
"exempt from payment of membership subscriptions."

The Central Executive are confident that the self-assessment of members will be such as to ensure that the funds of the Corporation shall gain rather than lose as a result of this venture of faith.

Annual Review of Branch Membership

The effect of this will be that in future the compulsory payment of a subscription will cease to be a criterion of Branch membership. The whole obligation of raising sufficient funds to keep the Family in a healthy state will be placed on a basis of voluntary self-assessment.

The decision as to whether a Branch member is in good stand-

ing or not is the responsibility in the first place of the member himself. Is he honestly striving to share in the expression of the spirit of Toc H in all its aspects?

Each member having faced his obligations to the whole family of Toc H, including his own Branch, the Branch Executive have the responsibility of satisfying themselves by reviewing the quality of the Branch's membership and of making a return of members for the current year. This review should be carried out preferably in November or December and completed in any case not later than mid-January.

A paper entitled "The Roll of Branch Members" has been issued to each Branch Executive. This will remind Branch officers and members and help them to complete their review by mid-January. It will be the basis of registration of all Branch membership at Headquarters and in Areas where desired. From its evidence the membership of each man for the new year will be registered and confirmed by the issue of a current Membership Card. This card is the only token of his membership.

Lamp and Rushlight Fees

At present, every Branch is due to make a contribution of 10s. each year in respect of the Lamp of Maintenance it holds, and every group 5s. for a Rushlight. After this year the obligatory Lamp and Rushlight fees will be abolished. Members are reminded that gifts of a Lamp of Maintenance to the Corporation of Toc H are welcome from their friends at all times.

Members of General Branches

The decision regarding exemption from payment of compulsory membership subscriptions applies only to members of "regular" Branches. Members of General Branches—that is, those who belong to the Central Branch, including many in the Services, and to Area Branches—are still under an obligation to pay membership subscriptions each year. The minimum amount is 5s. which is due on January 1, but such members also are asked to assess themselves and according to their means to pay their subscriptions and their contributions to the Family Purse, either in one lump sum or by instalments throughout the year. Membership cards will be issued from Headquarters each year on the receipt of the first subscription, being not less than 5s.,

and it is suggested that the Toc H JOURNAL subscription of 5s. be paid at the same time.

To be continued

This formal notice will be supplemented in the November issue of the JOURNAL by an article for the information of Branch Executives about the review of membership.

The Elder Brethren

BRITTON.—On August 6, Canon JOHN BRITTON, aged 67, formerly Padre of Penzance Branch. Elected 1.8.'24.

DAY.—On August 6, STANLEY G. DAY, aged 60, a member of Southgate Branch. Elected 31.10.'32.

EVANS.—On July 16, ROBERT HUMPHREY EVANS, aged 46, a member of Acklam Branch. Elected 9.2.'48.

FULLER.—On July 19, Dr. RADBURNE FULLER, a Toc H Builder and good friend of Perranporth Branch.

GOULDING.—On August 10, FRANK HAROLD GOULDING, aged 55, a member of Saltash Branch. Elected 20.7.'45.

LINGWOOD.—On August 4, WILLIAM LINGWOOD, aged 41, a member of Stourbridge Branch. Elected 9.9.'40.

OLDHAM.—On August 20, the Rev. G. M. S. OLDHAM, the Padre of Ramsey Branch. Elected 21.9.'40.

PARMITER.—On August 19, Dr. BERNARD RAYNE PARMITER, aged 62, a member of Wimbourne Branch. Elected 1.1.'26.

PARRY.—On August 3, VICTOR PARRY, aged 52, a member of Bloxwich Branch. Elected 16.7.'45.

SEALEY.—On August 18, FRED ERICK CHARLES SEALEY, aged 50, a founder member of Atworth Branch. Elected 23.10.'39.

SHEANE.—On August 13, the Rev. WILLIAM PAKENHAM COLE SHEANE, aged 68, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and Padre of Twickenham Branch. Elected 5.7.'28.

WALKER.—On July 31, Captain PERCY WALKER ('Skipper'), aged 86, a member of Faversham Branch. Elected 9.5.'41.

WHITE.—On July 30, ALFRED WHITE, aged 71, a founder member and Pilot of Skewen Branch. Elected 17.1.'34.

WHITTLE.—On July 24, LEONARD WHITTLE, aged 57, a founder member of Alfreton Branch. Elected 14.6.'30.



Experiment in excavation

Note on Junk Playgrounds

"Much delinquency can be traced to boredom. Children who have never known the joy of being engrossingly occupied become emotionally starved and unstable. Children long to dig, to build houses, to experiment with earth and water, to dismantle old cars to see how they work, to make things out of wood and clay, and to play games of adventure and make believe . . . Copenhagen has experimented with a real playground on the lines described below. By the simple device of giving children the opportunity to do the things they crave to do, it is claimed that juvenile delinquency has been entirely eradicated in this area."

Lady Allen of Hurtwood.

A JUNK PLAYGROUND is a site where children in their leisure time can express their own ideas with guidance where necessary, by creating dens and houses, caves, wigwams and towers, and can carry out many other satisfying projects with scrap materials.

A large number of children in our cities have no playground available within a reasonable distance of their homes, and the street, of necessity, becomes their playground. Others live in large block buildings and play around them, often on space which also serves as a road for delivery vehicles. Ball and other

games are often listed as punishable offences and the convenience of residents imposes further restrictions.

Space to play is essential for every child, and if this is not available almost every form of play is at the expense of the community. There appears to be, therefore, a desperate need for playgrounds which provide a creative outlet for the energies of children. This would be a simple constructive approach to such problems as juvenile delinquency and road safety.



All hands on a constructional effort

Many bombed sites are situated in areas where the need is greatest, and the building restrictions are likely to ensure that the sites are available for a period sufficient to justify some expenditure. The case for the conversion of sites of destruction for this purpose is a good one, and it is suggested that this should be carried out on the lines of the successful Copenhagen 'Junk Playground' experiment.

The bombed site is, of course, only one of the many places where such playgrounds can be established. Settlement workers and people who are planning new community centres, for example, are taking this project into account.

An essential point in starting a Junk Playground is the investigation of all possible sources of danger. These would

include unsafe walls, service mains, basements, etc. Consideration should also be given to the possibility of enclosing the site where necessary. Patent mesh wire fencing is probably the simplest solution here.

Preliminary clearance of the site will normally be carried out with the assistance of the children who are to use the Junk Playground. Insurance of children, leaders and Third Party can be arranged for a very small premium.

Among the points for consideration is the provision of sufficient tools, such as entrenching tools and surplus army equipment, for the number of children engaged. Other valuable items would be additional bricks to those already cleared and stacked; rough wood, or sticks, oil drums, damaged drain sections, old motor tyres, etc.

Readers interested in this project can obtain further information from the Organising Secretary, National Under Fourteen's Council, Mary Ward Settlement, London, W.C.1.

Maltese Picture—I.

During the war years, the island of Malta became widely known to many thousands whose service led them to the Mediterranean, while from those at home its heroic defence throughout the long, fierce aerial attack won their warm admiration. Although 'peace' has long since returned to the Island, Toc H still continues to play a part there and we have received through Ben Miles, the Warden of Toc H Services' Club, Malta, two interesting accounts of present-day conditions. The first of these, dealing with the cultural aspect, is printed here.

I HAVE LIVED IN THIS ISLAND for just over two years, and have only explored the cultural side for my own satisfaction and in my spare time. Consequently this is only a superficial experience and not a thorough survey. By the nature of social life here I have lived entirely among the English population and know very little indeed of the cultural life of the Maltese. Theirs is a life which, due to language, religion and standards of living, differs widely from our own.

The Population

Primarily an agricultural people, the Maltese have had imposed on them, over a period of centuries, foreign masters who have found this Island convenient or necessary for their political or strategic purposes, and on whom the Maltese have come to rely for their commercial activities. Hence the peasantry are a hard working, thrifty class, living by and on the land, working from sunrise to sunset. In the towns of Valetta and the Three Cities surrounding the Grand Harbour, a totally different type has grown up, with little or no interest in their lives other than financial gain. The English community consists of the Royal Navy with its maintenance centres of the Dockyard, Victualling and Armaments Stores, employing many English people on 'tours' of about three years. The Army which has its garrisons around the Grand Harbour and westwards at St. Andrew's, St. George's, and St. Patrick's Barracks and small units in other parts of the Island. Thirdly there is the R.A.F. which has several big airfields and many smaller units dotted about the Island, all of which are maintained by a civilian works' department posted here on a three years' 'tour'.

It will be appreciated from the foregoing that the activating force on this Island is a constantly changing population of English people, particularly among the Royal Navy who, in addition to the normal postings of ships and personnel, are further immobilised by Fleet exercises. It is probably due to this constant movement that more cultural centres have not been built up, great difficulty being experienced in keeping groups of people, such as actors, orchestras, etc., together.

Films

All three Services have their own cinemas, either specially built or an area, such as Mess Room or deck space, temporarily converted with films supplied by their respective welfare centres, and C.S.E.U. still provides stage shows, but these are only for the uniformed personnel and the civilian population has to rely entirely on non-Service facilities for their entertainment. This responsibility at present, falls entirely on Toc H and the British Institute, except for the Maltese owned cinemas, which are of very poor comfort, being equivalent to what is popularly termed

in England a 'flea pit', although it should be pointed out that it is the exception rather than the rule to collect 'live stock' in these places.

The films to be seen are a mixture of English, American and Italian, with an increasing predominance of the latter. The English and American films are anything up to two years old by the time they get out here, and only one film is shown at a performance, with a 'trailer' of coming programmes.

Music

Musical concerts are provided by the British Institute in Valetta about once a week between 6 p.m. and 7.30 p.m. in the evenings except during the summer months of June, July, August and September. These are organised by the British Council and run by a Maltese Conductor with an almost entirely Maltese orchestra. The standard of playing is good and the programmes range through light and serious music, classic and modern. Entrance to these concerts is restricted to 'members only' of the British Institute, membership being obtained by an annual subscription.

Another source of musical entertainment is at Toc H in Sliema, a residential area, some three miles to the west of Valetta. Here a gramophone recital of music is given each Sunday evening and is open to all who care to come. These recitals take place between 8.30 p.m. and 10.30 p.m., which is most welcome, as all places of entertainment except cinemas and bars cease to exist after 7.30 p.m. Apart from these two sources of musical refreshment, the only other music available is that which may be heard on the 'Rediffusion' local relay system, and the wireless programmes, reception of which is very difficult and unreliable.

Graphic Arts

As regards the graphic arts, there is a reasonably good art school run by the Malta Government Education Department. Subjects taught are drawing, modelling, etching and painting. In view of the dry rocky nature of the Island, and its small size, landscape painting virtually doesn't exist. There are definitely scenes worth painting, but the Island's possibilities are soon

exhausted. Maltese artists are mainly interested in portraiture and figure work, with a bias towards Church decoration. It follows, therefore, that all the teaching at the Government School of Art eventually leads to portrait and figure work. Exhibitions by private artists are, however, held from time to time by Maltese artists of note and English artists among the personnel of armed forces. The British Institute, among its many activities, runs an Arts Study Circle and exhibitions are held about once a year.

Theatre

There is no theatre, as we know it, in Malta. Before the war there was a very fine Opera House in Valetta but like many other buildings, it suffered from enemy action and is now a ruin. Opera companies used to come from Italy and such famous singers as Gigli and Caruso have sung there. Since the war the only opera available was very fifth rate amateur performances but even these have ceased to exist. The only variety shows which ever appear on this Island are C.S.E.U. or amateur Services shows to which the civilian population have no access. Of recent months the Maltese have produced several amateur shows, but as they are in Maltese they are of no interest to the average Englishman. At one time Toc H and the British Institute took a very active part in the Annual Drama League Festival but, owing to lack of suitable theatre, this has ceased. One last trace of the theatre does remain, however, for a Play-reading Circle meets every Wednesday evening at Toc H, Sliema.

Libraries

There are three libraries in Malta available to the public on payment of an annual subscription; the Garrison Library, which is the most popular and has an organisation for the delivery and collection of books; the Maltese Library which, as far as I can gather, is inadequate and out of date; and the British Institute, which has a small but good library on most subjects.

In closing, I would like to emphasise that everything, except the cinemas, Toc H, and the numerous bars, closes down by 7.30 p.m. All bars are open until 11 p.m. and many until midnight. Therefore, it follows that evenings offer the choice between Toc H, the cinemas and drinking.

The B.P. Guild of Old Scouts

BEFORE HE WENT INTO THE ARMY George was Troop Leader of the 5th, one of the best Scouts we ever had. They were a grand bunch and all seemed to do well in the services. Their letters came from all over the world; I remember George writing from Burma.

"... There's something about this Scouting business. I'm only just beginning to realise it after all these years. A bunch of us here have formed a Rover Crew and the other night we got talking, mostly about the good old days, our Scouting days. Talk about nostalgia! The old magic seemed to return as we recalled days in camp, evenings round the camp fire and nights under the stars.

"Lying on my *charpoy* later that night listening to the monsoon rain I thought what a wonderful weapon for peace we had in Scouting. Those chaps come from different walks of life, have varied interests and outlooks, but they do have something in common—the Scout spirit. There must be millions like us to whom the Scout Promise still means something. Why don't we get together and make the voice of Scouting heard in the world?"

I had hoped George would give me a hand with the Troop when he was demobbed, but I couldn't really blame him. Things haven't been too easy. He had got married before he went overseas and since his demob. had been living with in-laws waiting for a flat. His first baby came last year, and what with one thing and another he just hasn't the time for Scouting. It was more or less the same story with most of the other chaps.

A few months ago the gang had a re-union. I took along some pamphlets about a new organisation that had just been formed called "The B-P Guild of Old Scouts". Its aim is to encourage a wider acceptance of Scout principles in all walks of life.

I explained to them that the idea was to cater for those old members who are still keen on the principles which underly Scouting but have neither the time nor the opportunity to continue any active connection. I was also careful to assure them that it was not a ruse to get new Scouters—there is no uniform, only a bronze button-hole badge.

Anyway, they all thought it was a grand idea and so we now have the 5th— Old Scout Branch. Members pay 2s. 6d. a year to cover odd expenses and they've decided to meet four times a year. It won't take up much of their time, but they will feel that they are members of the world-wide brotherhood.

By the way, George rang me up last week. He wanted to know if there is something he could do for the Troop on one evening a week—teach morse or mapping or something . . .

STANLEY NEWTON.

Old Scout Associations are being extended throughout the world as part of the Fortieth Anniversary celebrations of the Scout Movement.

"The B-P Guild of Old Scouts" was launched by the Chief Scout in June of this year. Its objects are:—

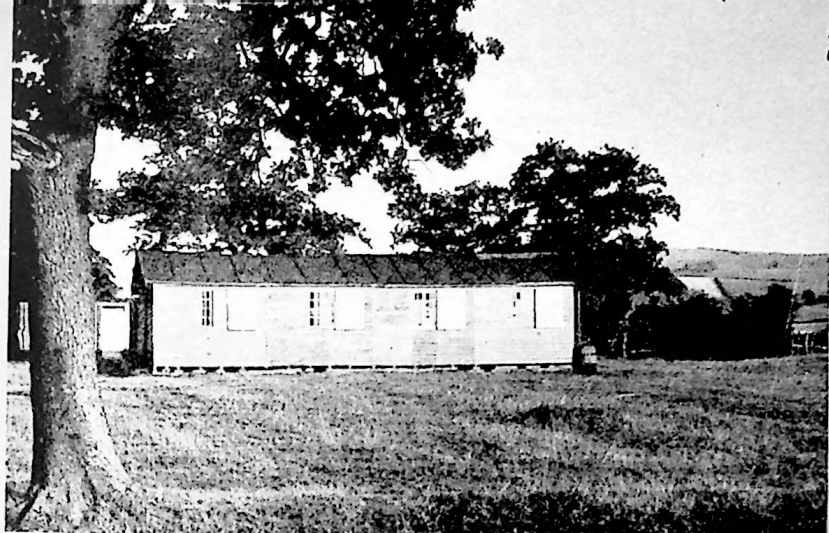
- (a) To keep alive among its members the spirit of the Scout Promise and Law.
- (b) To carry that spirit into the communities in which they live and work.
- (c) To give active support to the Scout Movement as far as their other responsibilities will allow.

Branches of the Guild are attached to Scout Groups, Local Associations, offices, factories, universities and other institutions. All ex-Scouts are invited to join their local branch. If there is any difficulty in finding your local secretary please write to the Organising Secretary, B-P Guild of Old Scouts, 25 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.

Mainly for Treasurers

October is your particular month. Let us make it an all-time "High" in contributions. Make a note of D-Day, October 31. By this date the Chief Accountant hopes that *every* Branch in Great Britain and Ireland will have given him the pleasure of writing their name in the Roll of Contributors to the Family Purse for 1947/48.

J.H.



The Camp Site

Cheshire Campers

THIS SUMMER saw the re-commencement of the Toc H School-boys' Camp, first started by Stockport Branch in 1924 and now a District job with its own Committee, drawn from the seven member Branches.

Sited in one of the pleasantest spots in Cheshire with a marvellous view of the Cheshire Pens, preference is given to boys who normally would not be going away for a holiday, and boys likely to benefit from such a weekend as we can give them.

The Camp Staffing has worked out very successfully. There are seven Branches—and the Ladies. It is open for sixteen weekends, which means that each Branch runs it for two weekends, the Ladies have girl guests for one and the Committee run it themselves for the other.

The twenty boys are rarely still (especially from 11 p.m. to 1 a.m.), being either out on walks, playing cricket or football,

carrying water or being chased by bullocks. Boys apparently have their own peculiar sense of proportion; if left alone on a sunny day they spend their time within the main hut, when it decides to rain cats and dogs they immediately come out for a game of cricket! But who are we to say whether they are right or not.



Arrival of a new batch of campers

As this is our first post-war season and the majority of the Committee have never run a camp before, many mistakes have been made but next year they will be considerably less, or so we fondly hope!

To any Branch thinking of starting a similar camp I say this. It requires no more than two of you, full of ignorance and hope, to start the ball rolling. The local Educational Department and/or Probation Officer will help you get the boys. The District and also local voluntary charity committees will help you with funds, then form the smallest committee from all Branches interested—and it will go!

H. D. GARDNER.

The New Forum

Another good issue (No. 10) of this Quarterly which lives up to its proclaimed purpose "to present to the movement the best thinking that is available within its ranks and in the ranks of its friends" has just reached us. It is warmly recommended to all members; the subscription rate is 3s. 4d. per annum, post free, and copies can be obtained from Colin Stevenson, Brotherton House, North Grange Road, Leeds, 6.

*Here are some extracts from a letter from Monty Foster,
an R.N. member in the Naval Base at Singapore.*

“Youth Club” in Singapore

... **A**S I CAME INTO OUR LOUNGE just now there was a lovely little brown owl sitting on the back of an armchair, blinking at me ... he studied us for a few moments and then fluttered away out of the window. Mother Nature makes this quite a nice spot to live in. The bungalow is set on the top of a hill and constant breezes keep us cool. A fence encloses our domain up to which the jungle reaches. On occasions we catch a glimpse of a troop of monkeys and many birds and beautiful butterflies visit us. At night lots of small house lizards (*chechaks*) wander over our ceilings catching moths, mosquitos, etc. The mention of the latter insects reminds me that Mother N. is not wholly kind to us. In the evening the 'squitos and sandflies are a nuisance.

The bungalow is a huge rambling place built on piles. One of the rooms was much too big for us to do anything with, so in it we have started a club for children of both sexes over the age of eight. There are a reasonable number of Naval and Admiralty 'civilian' children of that age in this base. This Club has been running for a month now and seems to be quite popular. The average attendance to date has been 39½ bods on Tuesday and Friday evenings. We are branching out into team games, such as rounders and cricket on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. The evening sessions are spent in P.T., tumbling and games. Later we hope to introduce some semi-instructional stuff. Already we have the children bringing books and comics for the invalid children in the Johore Hospital.

I have gathered a small team of cheerful-minded souls around me (four female, six male) to help run this club in the name of Toc H. When we're sure of it being a success we will try something else. If chaps would flock to Toc H as the kids do to the Club we'd indeed be strong.

Here, HAROLD GASCOIGNE, East Midlands Area Secretary, tells of a recent cross-country journey and of fellow travellers encountered.

Weekend on the Thumb

FROM 5.0 P.M. ON FRIDAY, to 3.0 a.m. on Monday, September 6, I travelled 316 miles by six private cars, three lorries, one 'bus, one Army truck, one van converted into a shooting-brake, two motor-bikes and about fifteen miles on foot for a total cost of 11½d. in fares, 1s. on tea and cakes for two, and 6s. 6d. for bed and breakfast. But these are the bare bones and give no idea of the character of the trip.

Why didn't I go by train? Why did I go at all? The people who gave me lifts—did they mind and what were they like? Was it easy? Was it worth it?

The idea of a party of us going from Leicester to North Wales for a get-together with members of the Conway District, had been talked over and had brought forth the usual remarks from the sceptics: "It wouldn't be worth it for the amount of travelling involved. It sounds like a Training Day and we don't want to be trained. If we must have a get-together, why can't we join in with our neighbouring District? It would be too expensive, especially for the younger fellows".

Eventually the date was changed to that of the North Wales Festival and a small group of us said that we'd try it. Then, one after another, the volunteers had to cry off—work on Saturday, moving into a new flat, the risk of not getting back in time, etc.—but I felt that I would try it even if I were the only one.

It wasn't just one experience, it was many. Between my setting off (when I still had lingering thoughts that it might prove a hare-brained scheme) and starting to walk the final twelve miles home (after refusing a taxi-driver's offer to take me for £1) it was a week-end full of incidents. Sitting in the back of an open lorry, as it bounced along the country road, drying my face and hair with my towel flapping like a pennant; exchanging smiles and waves with three girls in the back of a long-distance coach; and picking the largest blackberries I have

seen this year and enjoying them later for lunch. I travelled in comfort—I got wet riding through a shower on the pillion of a motor-bike; I walked through a lovely Welsh valley when the early morning air was soft and mild, and the hills were a purple background to the rich, vivid green of the fields—I walked along the dirt pavement of a Midland mining village; I became part of a holiday crowd at a popular seaside town—I lay on the grass verge, with my mac as a groundsheet and my haversack as a pillow, at about two o'clock on a still summer night and tried to pick out those stars I knew.

On Saturday at the Festival, listening to Padre Gilbert Williams; meeting old friends and making new ones; watching and listening to (though not comprehending) the two young Padres singing a duct in Welsh; being puzzled by the card-tricks of the two conjurors; enjoying the violin solo and the singing; and chatting with the Liverpool University student about his visits to the leper hospital in Malta from the Toc H unit there, during his Navy days. And on Sunday, sitting in on a discussion about 'deepening the spiritual experience of men'; walking up the hill behind Deganwy and enjoying the sun and the breeze blowing off the sea; and looking at the hills and wishing there was a week of it.

And on the road, the expectancy and surprise of meeting people—varied characters with often contrasting views but all kindly and friendly. The grocer's assistant from a small Welsh village who was sorry I wasn't going to Aberystwyth (and so was I!) who offered me his cigarettes because he could get them better than I could; and the colonel of the T.A. Regiment who expressed regret that the *Manchester Guardian* was not broad-minded enough to publish the racing news, not because he was a betting man but because he was interested in horses and riders, and who made a detour in order to take me further along my route. The timber merchant who offered me a lift after dark and found me a clean and comfortable billet in Bettws-y-Coed, because the road to Llanrwst would have little traffic on it, at 10 o'clock at night and the rain which had settled in, likely to get worse; who left me in his car reading his book, and leaving the ignition key in the dash-board, while he made a couple of calls. The Birmingham engineer who readily went via Wellington

and Shifnal instead of Bridgnorth as he intended, in order to drop me off at Lilleshall and whose Austin Seven kept up a steady forty miles-an-hour all the way from Chirk. The motor-cyclist, a Civil Servant in 'Death Duties', who apologized for not stopping quicker because, 'I didn't think you meant me—people don't usually hitch a motor-cycle' and who took me further than he need have done.

That was the fun of it—I met people and we talked. We talked about nationalisation and education; about old P.O.W. days and holidays; a farmer's blackened oats and the cigarette shortage; books and religion; about climbing and black market. I did tell most of them why I was making the trip and was able to talk a little about Toc H, although I didn't bombard them with propaganda and once or twice didn't mention it at all—when riding on the back of the first motor-bike for instance when everything I tried to say was blown back into my face and again when the lorry driver and I found it difficult enough to hear odd observations shouted over the roar of the engine and the clatter of the body-rattles. To a Welsh exile living in Birmingham, who mentioned that a friend of his had recently moved to Leicester and was looking for somewhere to live, I gave my name and address and asked him to pass it on, with an invitation to call round to the Mark and if that was full we'd see what we could do elsewhere. One had passed through Poperinghe in the last war but didn't have time to stop at the Old House (and though not a member he knew a lot about it), another had often wondered what sort of show Toc H was and yet a third had "passed through".

We talked, exchanged ideas and (I think this is true—it certainly is for me) we enjoyed each other's company. There was a freedom and courtesy in our exchanges which reminded me of Army days and was probably due to the fact that most of us did not try to place the other against his background, tie a label round his neck and dismiss him behind the barrier of our own prejudice; but accepted each other for what we were—fellow travellers. Some of them said, when I was giving them my thanks, that they had been glad of the company and though this may well have been mere politeness on their part, I really meant it when I said: "Thanks for the lift".

H.G.



'Jock' Brown and his German bairns

New Pied Piper in Hanover

Here is a reminder from B.A.O.R., that running a Toc H Services' Club isn't all chor and wads, and that 'Service' sometimes offers scope in unexpected ways.

ANY VISITOR TO THE TOC H SERVICES CLUB, Hildesheim, Hanover, cannot fail to notice numbers of German children playing in the Club garden at all hours of the day. They start arriving as early as 7.30 a.m., and continue to come and go throughout the day for, with 85 per cent. of the city destroyed, school lessons have to be taken in shifts and play-time must be adjusted to correspond.

Little opportunity exists for carefree play among the ruins of their cellar homes, and when 'Jock' Brown, the Warden, opened the Toc H garden for them, after putting up swings and a see-saw, the response was overwhelming.

Singing-games soon revealed that many of these youngsters have a talent for music, and Phyllis Jones has been able to train a Children's Choir which, besides singing the old German songs, can make a very presentable attempt, in English, at "Polly put the kettle on" and other nursery favourites.

Saturday mornings are reserved for swimming instruction; and then, most popular of all, are the excursions into the woods where a band of happy children trail willingly, led by a modern pipped piper in a tartan kilt.

For the bigger German boys there is the lure of Scouting, with instruction in knotting, first-aid and the other forms of scoutcraft given by members of the Toc H Rover Crew. This



'Home' for the week-end

Crew are a lively bunch, made up of over a score of young Servicemen, mainly Midlanders, with the irrepressible 'Jock' as their Rover Leader.

Freed from barrack life at the week-ends, during the summer months they set out each Saturday for a camp site in the heart of the country. For these camping trips, six German youths are always invited to go with them, and there is never any lack of volunteers. In this manner lessons of incalculable value in the true art of living are, almost unwittingly, absorbed by them from their English 'big brothers'.

The rôle of Toc H in Germany must of necessity seem microscopically small in comparison with the big efforts being made towards solving many complex problems in an unhappy land. At the same time, who can doubt its real worth or gauge its possible effect on the lives of these young German citizens of tomorrow?

A Motto for the Times

Things can't be as bad as they look—or else they'd be worse than they are.

A Great Life

*"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch."*

OF NO GREAT MAN of our time or indeed of any time in our national history are these words more true than of William Temple. The purple never removed him from ordinary folk, while the immense popularity and influence that he achieved never prevented him from saying what he believed he ought to say. A first-class mind and an astonishing memory were combined with a rich sense of humour and a great humility.

Dr. Iremonger's fascinating and most readable Biography* shews clearly how Temple was bound to succeed in whatever walk of life he chose. What in fact happened was that he succeeded in shewing that Christianity is relevant to twentieth century life and that the Sacred and the Secular are not mutually exclusive terms. In a way in which no other Archbishop had done, he put Christianity, and the Church of England, and the office of Archbishop of Canterbury 'on the map'.

Those who read this book will perhaps discover why William Temple elicited from those of us who were fortunate to know him a personal loyalty. However insignificant one might be, he made it quite clear that one mattered in the scheme of things. But it was more than this: more than the humour which expressed itself in this comment made to the present writer on a certain deputation, "All the time that the leader of the deputation was speaking I kept saying to myself 'You may be wrong, you may of course be wrong, but at no point, at no point whatsoever, can I relate what you are saying to the New Testament; to the Book of Ezra, possibly'"—and then the great, rollicking, room-shaking laugh: more than the genuine humility which made him say to a young speaker at a Conference, "I hope I took the six points out of your speech that you wanted stressing, and said the right things about them". It was all these characteristics, and more. For, above all else, those who knew him, however slightly, were supremely conscious of the fact that they were with a man who was a reflection of the mind and spirit of Jesus Himself.

JOHN DURHAM.

* *William Temple*, by Dr. F. A. Iremonger, Oxford University Press, 1948 (25s.)

Toc H Christmas Cards

This year's Christmas Cards consist of a set of six assorted designs from the original drawings of Tim McClure and J. A. Walsh, as indicated by these miniatures. The size is $5\frac{1}{4}'' \times 3\frac{3}{4}''$ and they are printed in two colours, with appropriate greetings inside. The cost, which includes envelopes, is 2s. 6d. per set, post free.



In addition to the sets, there is also a 'Crested' Card, size $5'' \times 3\frac{1}{2}''$, as illustrated above, with the Lamp embossed on front and the single word 'Greetings' inside. Space is left for the addition of a personal message. The cost, including envelopes, is 4s. per dozen, post free.

Enclosed with this number of the Toc H JOURNAL is an Order Form, with self-addressed labels

designed to save your time—and ours. Supplies of the Cards are limited and it is advisable to send in orders without delay to: Toc H Headquarters, 47 Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

HEADQUARTERS, AREAS AND HOUSES OF TOC H: OCTOBER, 1948

Headquarters:

47 FRANCIS STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.1. (Victoria 0354).

Administrator: H. W. HOWE.

Administrative Padres:

THE REV. H. LEGGATE, M.C. and THE REV. G. WILLIAMS.

General Secretary: R. R. CALKIN, O.B.E.

Editorial Secretary: B. BARON, O.B.E. *Chief Accountant:* J. HARRISON.

Overseas Secretary: H. C. DUNNETT. *Bursar:* K. A. ROGERS.

Houses Secretary: J. H. CLARK. *Architect:* B. WRIGHT.

Bankers: BARCLAYS BANK, LTD., 78 Victoria St., S.W.1.

Auditors: MESSRS. PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

Areas and Houses in the British Isles

Communications for DISTRICT, BRANCH AND GROUP SECRETARIES should be addressed c/o THE AREA SECRETARY, or other officer concerned.

A.S. = AREA SECRETARY.

A.P. = AREA PADRE.

H.A.C. = HON. AREA CORRESPONDENT.

NORTHERN AREA: A.S.: J. W. Maddock, Room 20, 104 Grainger St., Newcastle/Tyne (21204). *House:* Mark XVIII, Grainger Park Rd., Newcastle/Tyne, 4. (330041).

LAKELAND AREA (Cumberland Division, Westmorland and Furness Division): A.S.: I. Fraser, Burbank House, Blencow, Nr. Penrith, Cumberland. H.A.C.s: E. C. Hackett and J. W. Tolfree, Grosvenor House, Stramontgate, Kendal, Westmorland. (672).

NORTH WESTERN AREA: A.S.: J. McClenahan. *House Padre:* Rev. G. Morgan. *House:* Gladstone House, 62 Rodney St., Liverpool, 1. (Royal 5819).

MANCHESTER AREA: A.S.: C. Stevenson, Toc H, 27 Brazennose St., Manchester, 2. (Blackfriars 5874). *House:* Mark IV, Upper Park Rd., Victoria Park, Manchester, 14. (Rusholme 2758). *Mark Pilot:* G. Hamilton. *House:* Mark XIV, 1 Eccles Old Rd., Pendleton, Salford, 6. (Pendleton 2134).

WEST YORKSHIRE AREA: A.S.s: c/o Brotherton House, North Grange Rd., Leeds, 6. (52650). C. Richardson, 34 Swinburne Rd., Darlington. (3024). A.P.: Rev. J. R. Brightman. *House:* Brotherton House, North Grange Rd., Headingley, Leeds, 6. (521021). SOUTH YORKSHIRE DIVISION: D.S.: C. V. Young, Toc H Centre, Christ Church Rd., Sheffield, 3. (24532).

EAST YORKSHIRE AREA: A.P.: Rev. S. B. Calver, 58 North St., York. H.S.: A. E. Riley, 1 Broomfield Terrace, Leeds Rd., Tadcaster.

EAST MIDLANDS AREA: A.S.: H. Gascoigne. *House:* Mark XI, 44 Princess Rd., Leicester. (224011).

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NOTTS & DERBY AREA: A.S.: E. W. Saywell. H.A.C.: L. N. Orme. *Mark Pilot:* T. F. Gregory. *House:* Mark XXI, 228 Osmaston Rd., Derby (45392).

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- SOUTH WESTERN AREA: *A.S.*: M. B. Elson, St. Clare, Exwick, Exeter, Devon. (3138).
- SOUTHERN AREA: *A.S.*: D. E. Preston, M.B.E. *A.P.*: Rev. M. R. Must, *H.A.C.*: A. V. Bean, Talbot House Club for Seafaring Boys, Brunswick Square, Southampton. (2410). *House*: Mark V, 574 Winchester Rd., Bassett, Southampton. (Bassett 681071).
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- EASTERN LONDON AREA: *H.S.*: A. G. Waterfield, 3 Athelstane Grove, Bow, E.3.
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